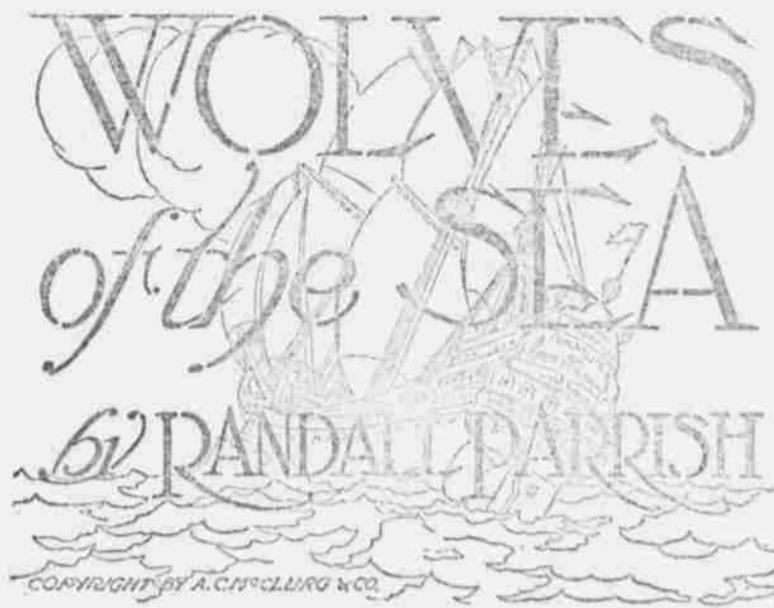


TANEY COUNTY REPUBLICAN

VOL. 24. NO. 45.

FORSYTH, MISSOURI, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1893.

Four Page.



Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co.

CHAPTER

The Crew Decides.

Except that many of the men remained armed there was no suggestion of violence. But for the gleaming carboune trained on the main hatch, and the small group of ruffians clustered about it, the scene was peaceful enough, resembling the deck of some merchant ship. LeVere stood motionless at the poor rail, staring down and his attitude and expression of face aroused within me a doubt of the man, a determination to put him to the test. Evidently he had held aloof and refrained from taking even the slightest part in our activities. The men themselves were mostly forward, grouped together and still excitedly discussing the situation.

"Stand by to reef topsails," I shouted. "We're all one watch now. Go at it lively, lads, and when the job is over we'll eat and decide together what's our next move. Two of you will be enough to guard the hatch and one of you go into the cabin and relieve the girl there. Keep your eyes open. I'll be down presently. Aloft with you and see how quick a job you can make of it."

Watkins led the way up the main-mast ratlines, and Cole was first into the fore shrouds, the others following eagerly. I watched them lay out on the yards and was heartened to hear the fellows sing as they worked; the canvas melting away as if by magic. I climbed the ladder to where LeVere stood on the poop, but carefully ignored his presence, my gaze on the scene aloft. Twice I gave orders, changing the steering direction slightly, and commanding the lower sails reefed. The mutinous scowling joined me at the rail.

"What's all this about?" he asked. "That's no storm cloud yonder."

"There is always danger in fog," I answered coldly, "and besides there is no use carrying on until we know where we are bound. My purpose is to keep the men busy, and then talk the situation over with them. Have you any criticism of this plan, Senator LeVere?"

He hesitated, but his eyes were narrowed, and ugly.

"You'll do as you please, but you told me we sailed for Porto Grande. Was that a lie?"

"Not necessarily," and I snorted grimly. "Although I should not have hesitated to tell one under the circumstances, I mean to leave that decision to the men themselves. It is their lives that are in danger."

"That small half of them are English and French. All they want is to get away; they will never go back to Porto Grande without you make them."

"How make them?"

"By false observations; there is no navigator forward. It is a trick easy enough to play with a little nerve. I would never have taken part in this mutiny if I had supposed you meant to play into the hands of the men."

"It is very little part you took Senator LeVere. Judging from what I saw, you seemed quite content to stand aloft here and look on. However you are in just as deeply as I am, and are going to play the game out with me to the end. Do you understand that?"

"What you mean, senator—play it out?"

"Go on with the rest of us; take your chance with the men and do your duty. I am captain here. The first sign of treachery on your part will send you below with those others. I don't trust you, and all I want is an excuse to put you out of the way—be careful what you do."

I turned and walked away from him toward the forward rail. The men were still aloft but coming in from off the yards. Below me in the door of the companion stood Dorothy, her eyes peering curiously about the deserted deck. She glanced up and saw me.

"May I come up there?" she asked.

"Certainly; let me help you. Stand here beside me, and you can see all that is being done. That's all, lads; breakfast is ready; lay down all except the lookout."

We watched while they streamed down the ratlines and gathered forward of the gallery, squatting in groups on the deck. To all appearances the fellows had not a care in the world, or any thought of the stirring scenes

just passed through. The girl's hand touched my sleeve, and I turned and looked into her face.

"Have you considered Captain Sanchez?" she asked.

"Why no?" in surprise, "he is helpless below, badly wounded."

"Not so easily as you suppose," she said swiftly. "He is able to be up and about his stateroom. I heard him moving, and I believe the steward has told him what has occurred on board, and endeavored to bear a message from him to those men ashore. I held my pistol to his head and forced him in the pantry. He is there now, with the sailor you sent on guard. That is what I came on deck to tell you."

"He is a danger, of course, but not a serious one," I said confidently. "It is safe enough to leave him undisturbed at present. The first thing I need to do is to satisfy those men, fit attend to that now, and then see to the proper securing of Sanchez. Remain here with LeVere while I go forward, and watch that he does not attempt to go below."

The fellows had not finished mess, but I felt the danger of further delay, and talked to them as they sat on deck, explaining briefly the entire situation, and the causes leading up to the mutiny. I dealt with the matter in plain terms, making no apparent effort to influence them, yet forcibly compelling each individual to realize what would be the result of our capture. They listened earnestly, asking an occasional question, and passing comments back and forth freely among themselves.

I sent Watkins to the cabin for a roll of charts, and spreading these out, encyclopedic as well as I could, to make clear our probable position and the nearest point of land. When I had completed the explanation, and stood before them awaiting decision, it was Haines who acted as their spokesman.

"This yore is Cape Hornward!" he said, a grimy thumb on the point indicated. "An' yer say it's 'bout a hundred and fifty miles west?"

"Yes, about that?"

"An' that's no settlement!"

"Some calendar fifty miles north is all!"

"That's bout right." He turned to the others. "Say mates, this is how I figure. We can't go on no long cruise with all those bloody rats in the hold. They're bound ter find some way out if we give 'em time 'long. Fer as fer concerned, I'm fer dividin' up what we've got, and ter hell with piratin'. What 'er yer say, mates? Shall we run the ol' heaver ashore, an' leave her there, while we tramp the coast? We're just a shipwrecked crew. What say yer?"

The passage leading forward was wide enough to permit of our advancing together and for a few steps the light flickered in past us, quite adequate for guidance. I had been down this tunnel once before, and knew the bathhouse was not far away, but the few steps necessary plunged us into profound blackness, through which we advanced emotionally with outstretched hands. No slight sound warned of danger, and I was already convinced in my own mind that the refugees were not hiding there when it happened. Within an instant we were fighting for our lives, fronted not by two men, but by a score, who flung themselves cutting upon us. Their very numbers and the narrowness of the passage was our only salvation. At first our resistance was blind enough, guided only by the sense of touch and sound. We could see nothing of our antagonists, although their fierce rush hurried us backward. I tried into the mass, as Watkins dashed madly with his cutlass, both managing in some way to keep our foes. Haines grabbed for us, a fist of steel splitting the air; yet, even in that moment of panic, I was quick to realize the fellows were weaponless, seeking only to reach and crush us with bare hands. The same discovery must have come to the mind of the sailor, for he yelled it out defiantly, every stroke of his blade driving blood. I joined him with the butt of the pistol. We killed and wounded, the curse of hate changed into sharp cries of agony, but those behind pressed the advance forward, and force open the door from the forecastle, we would be crushed between two waves of men, and left utterly helpless. I saw the whole situation vividly, and as quickly came the one hope remaining.

"Watkins," I called sharply back over my shoulder. "Get the boats ready and be lively about it. We'll hold these fellows until you report. The two quarterboats will hold us all. Knock out the plugs in the others. See that Miss Edith is placed safely in the afterpart, and then stand by. Send me word the moment all is ready."

With the door closed, we were plunged into a darkness which rendered the interior invisible. I wondered dimly why the man on guard had not lighted the swinging lantern. I stumbled over something on the deck, as I groped forward, but did not pause until I had lighted the lantern. It blazed up brightly enough, its yellow flame illuminating the cabin and the first thing I saw was the outstretched figure of the sailor almost between my feet. We needed to ask no questions; imagine nothing—the overturned chair, the stricken sailor told the whole story. He had been struck from behind, the

blade driven home by a strong hand, and was dead before he fell to the deck. It had been silent, vengeful murder, and the assassin had left no trace. Who could it have been? Not Gunsonas surely—the steward lacked both nerve and strength for such a deed. Then there was but one to suspect—Sanchez!

I flung open the pantry door, but one glance inside told me that Gen-

eral Gandy Visits Forsyth

For the first time in her history Forsyth has been plagued by a visit from the governor of the state of Missouri. On Oct. 1st, when he paid his respects to Governor Simon and to Senator Schmitt.

"But they're not armed?"

"Only-hand weapons," broke in Carter. "They're full in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was John for break open a cask, but Maude put me at another job."

Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

the bairns. If we can get away in this fog, they'll never find us, but we've got to hold them here until the boats are ready. I killed their captain, Sanchez. That is where we've still got them, without number."

"But they're not armed?"

"Only-hand weapons," broke in Carter. "They're full in the bandoliers, but no powder. I was John for break open a cask, but Maude put me at another job."

Then that leaves us on even footing, lads, we ought to be equal to them with the cold steel."

CHAPTER XXIV.

In Clash of the Seas.

The sounds of voices and of moving bodies were plainly discernible, but the darkness was too dense before to permit the eye perceiving what was taking place. The ranks of men laid me down upon them had reached the arm rack. There followed the crash of wood as though the butts of gun had splintered a floor panel. Then a voice pierced the babel. My mind gripped the meaning of it all; they had found a leader; they had released Manuel Espeyan. Now the real fight goes on! I could hear the fellow question about him, seeking to learn the situation.

"Who have cutlasses? So many! We dozen form with me. Now, bairns, they are on the stairs there, and that is the only way to the deck. Now then—to hell with 'em!"

We met them point to point, our advantage the narrow staircase and the higher position; theirs the faint glint

of the deck, except for the dead under foot. When we stopped, not a fighting soul was left within the sweep of our arms. They writhed back into the darkness like so many eels, and we could only stare about blindly, cursing them, as we endeavored to recover breath. Schmidt roared like a wild bull, and would have rushed on, but for my grip on his shirt.

"Get back, men!" I ordered sharply. "There may be fifty of them yonder. Our only chance is the stairs."

We flung the bodies on one side, and formed again from rail to rail. Below us there was noise enough, a babel of many voices, but no movement of assault. What they would do next was answered by a blare of light, revealing the silhouette of a man, engaged in lighting flame to a torch of hemp. It flung forth a dull yellow flare, and revealed a scene of horror. Our assailants were massed halfway back. Between us, even ten feet from the stairs, the deck was littered with bodies, ghastly faces staring up, with black stains of blood everywhere. It was Manuel's hand which had kindled the light, and the first croak of his voice told his purpose.

"Now you shuddering cowards," he yelled pointing forward, "do you see what you are fighting? There are only five men between you and the deck. To hell with 'em! Come on! I'll show you the way!"

He leaped forward; but it was his last step. I sent the cleaver hurtling through the air. I know not how it struck him, but he went down, his iron-clad shrug, his arms flung out in vain effort to ward off the blow. Schmidt reeled out a Dutch oath, and his gun went whirling above me, crashed into the uplifted torch. Again it was black night, through which the eye could perceive nothing. Even the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

"Who are you?"

"Watkins. The hosts are ready. The one forward has pushed off loaded. The afterpart is alongside. There is such a fog, sir, sir, you can't see two inches from the ship. The girl is in the boat, but LeVere isn't. The mate slipped out of sight in the fog. He's somewhere aboard."

"Never mind him; the fellow can do no harm now. Move back slowly, Schmidt and I will be the last ones out."

We closed the companion door as quickly as possible and for the purpose to show that our cautious withdrawal had been observed, I stayed about, but was able to perceive little beyond the small group awaiting my orders. The fog clung thick and heavy on all sides, and it was impossible for the eye to penetrate to either rail. Fortunately there was no weight of sea running.

"There is nothing more to keep us aboard, bairns. Show yourselves away and hang on; I'll wait here until you are all over."

They faded away into the mist, dim spectral figures, and I remained alone, listening anxiously for some hostile sound from below. Satisfied that the bairns were safely over the rail and the decks clear, I turned toward the ship's side. As I did so a yell rent the fog, and the noise ceased, but a hand gripped my shoulder.

I ran through the fog in the direction the others had disappeared, and had taken nearly three steps when I collided against the form of a man, whose presence was not even noticed until we came together. Yet he must have been there expectant and ready. He was no weight of sea running. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me and DeLasalle, and a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lass of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. DeLasalle caught his point with his blade, while my cleaver cut him with its sharp edge, parried scaleath therefore a blow which fuzed him back into the arms of the man below. I saw nothing else in detail, the faint light barely revealing indistinct figures and gleam of steel. It was a pandemonium of blows and cuts, strange faces appearing and disappearing, as men leaped desperately at us up the steps, and we leapt them remorselessly back. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his steel urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me and DeLasalle, and a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

But they were of a breed trained to such fighting, and the lass of Manuel's tongue drove them into mad recklessness. And there seemed no end of them, sweeping up out of those black shadows, with bearded or lean brown savage faces, charging over the dead bodies, hacking and gouging in vain effort to break through. DeLasalle caught his point with his blade, while my cleaver cut him with its sharp edge, parried scaleath therefore a blow which fuzed him back into the arms of the man below. I saw nothing more of Manuel in the fray, but his steel urged on his fellows. It was strike and parry, cut and thrust. Twice I kicked my legs free from hands that gripped me and DeLasalle, and a pike thrust through him. Who took his place I never knew, but a stout fighter the lad was, wielding his cutlass viciously, so that we held them, with dead men littering every step to the cabin deck.

"Now you half-hounds—how! once more, and you have them. Santa Maria! you've got to go through, bairns—there is no other way to the deck. Rish 'em! That's the way! Here goes! Broth of hell! Now you have him, Pedro!"

For an instant I believed it true; I saw Jim Carter seized and hurled sideways, his cutlass crashing as it fell, while a dozen hands dragged him headlong into the ruck beneath. But it was only an instant. Before the charging devils could pass me, a huge figure filled the vacant space, and the torso of a man crashed into the mass. It was the Dutchman, Schmidt, fighting like a demon, his strength that of an ox. They gave way in terror before him, and we went down battering our way, until the stairs were clear to

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Prisoners Escape.

The two men followed me silently as far as the companion, where we paused a moment staring blindly about us into the fog. Even the guard at the main hatch was invisible.

"Cartier, guard this after deck until Watkins and I come back. Under no circumstances permit LeVere to enter the cabin."

With the door closed, we were plunged into a darkness which rendered the interior invisible. I wondered dimly why the man on guard had not lighted the swinging lantern.

"Cartier, guard this after deck until Watkins and I come back. Under no circumstances permit LeVere to enter the cabin."

Then I saw faces, hideous in the gloom, demonstrating in their expression of hatred—a mass of them, unrecognizable, largely of a wild, half-Indian type, with hair and beards a beard. Nor were they all bare-handed; in many a grip flashed a knife, and directly fronting me, with a meat cleaver uplifted to strike. Sanchez yelled his orders, silencing all others. I leaped straight at him, trying toWatkins as I passed.

"Back in, dash out that light! Th-

"Good God! Name howl! It was the

no fighting over I had done before, a mad, furious melee, amidst which I lost

"Any of you armed with cutlasses?"

"Out, m'lud, Revel DuLasser."

"Stand here, to right of me, now at-

"Jim Carter, sir."

"Good, now strike hard, bairns, and you others be ready. The cabin is full of 'em, and it is your life and mine in

Custom Had Origin Long Ago. The almost universal habit of turning aside the head and suppressing the sneeze or cough has an interesting origin. It is derived from human experience. In the middle ages (and probably much earlier), when frequent plagues of various diseases swept over whole populations in Europe, it was suspected and even believed that infection was conveyed by coughing and sneezing. Hence the adoption of the precaution.